One of Them Comes to Grief in a Horse Race in a Choppy Sea, but Is Finally Rescued by Fellow Lambs With the Ut-

most Skill, Courage and Discrimination It was the day of the annual wash and shearing yesterday for the members of the Lambs' Club, and the Larchmont yacht folks placed their whole offing at the disposal of the actors in which to perform the sacred rites. But it is only an empty form nowadays; and most of the Lambs were so afraid of swallowing some of the Sound that they wouldn't wash at all, but grounded on the Larchmont bar, inside the clubhouse, and refused all offers from the commodores and able seamen for a tow. The only salvage of the day was that collected by DeWolf Hopper for rescuing Dinkelspiel Hobart from being carried to sea on a floating hobby horse.

Dinkelspiel was one of the few lambs who had enough of the spirit of tradition in him to really venture a wash without the aid of a valet. He was tempted by a lot of barrels floating at the anchorage, with saddles painted on the staves, horses' heads nailed to one end and tails to the other. He challenged any lamb to a horse race, and Billy Ernst, the dramatist; George Balles, a manager, and Samuel Harburger, a philanthropist, took him up. There were only these four entries, with Dinkelspiel an odds-on favorite, because there was no chance of his sinking. But it was a put up job. Dinkelspiel, wearing the green silk of a pair of borrowed swimming trunks that had been made for a smaller man, jockeyed for a start and cleared the end of the float, whereupon the others calmly climbed ashore and remarked to Hobart that they had been left at the post, but that he might go right ahead and have a good time, seeing that he seemed to think such a devil a lot of water. Dramatist, Manager and Philanthropist went back to the bar at an easy canter, Philanthropist winning by a nose. In the meantime an off-shore current had caught the Dinkelspiel barrel and he began to bleat for help. "Soon he'll be but a tiny speck on the throbbing sea," chuckled Frank Doane,

owns a real yacht. "Speck, nothing!" exclaimed Stanley Hawkins, the tenor. "Long Island Sound isn't wide enough to make Dinkey look like a speck. Notice how the silk is shrinking on his freeboard."

the only comedian with a yachting cap who

Joe Weber took possession of the spyglass swivelled on the clubhouse piazza and charged 10 cents a look to gaze at the rapidly receding Dinkelspiel.

"He'll make Long Island with that barrel on the bit!" yelled Neil McKaye. "Ten to

on the bit!" yelled Neil McKaye. "Ten to seven that he won't get back to the bake."

"Even money he won't wash again," said Ed Breese, offering to make a book.

Dinkelspiel was now out beyond the breakwater, and for a moment it was hard to distinguish between the choppy water of the green sea and the green silk of the jockey. There was some doubt in the paddock as to whether the rider or the barrel was on top. But DeWolf Hopper, with his eye at the glass (spyglass), allayed all fears with the announcement that he

with his eye at the glass (spyglass), allayed all fears with the announcement that he could see Dinkey himself, because the silk had split up the back.

"His trunks are carried away," shouted DeWolf Hopper, refusing to give up his place at the glass. "There goes the left leg. He's under jury rig, and if any jury catches him in that rig it's conviction. He's pulled out the horse's tail. He's wrapping the tail about him. This is shameful. He's pulled off the horse's head and is using it pulled off the horse's head and is using it for an oar, trying to make that wooded point to the northward. Jo Weber, you ought to be ashamed to sell looks at this horserace. He's trying to get into the barrel. There goes the right leg of the tight. He'll be ruled out now when he

weighs in."

By this time Sam Harburger, the philanthropist, was nervous and called for a volunteer crew to rescue Dinkelspiel. De Wolf Hopper, knowing more about the seriousness of the situation than anybody else, was made commander of the crew, with Wilton Leckeye as first mete. Dinkespiel's Wilton Lackave as first mate. Dinkespiel's own clothes and a two hours supply of liquor were stowed away in a launch and rescuing party set out to chase the

They caught it going east on the tide, and Wilton Lackaye hailed Dinkelspiel, asking him why he went away before the clam-

"Come alongside, will you?" asked Hobart, rearranging his horsetail girdle.
"No, Dinkey, you are not dressed for company," said Lackaye, throwing the lever of the launch over to the full speed. notch and remarking to the man on the barrel that dinner would be ready in two hours and also suggesting that he might find it rough going around Point Judith.
"Help," shouted the jockey. "Take me

in and I,ll buy.

"You can't come aboard among gentlemen and commodores till you re dressed," said Stanley Hawkins, throwing Dinkelspiel one of his own socks. "Put that on without falling off the barrel."

Hobart grabbed the sock and got his right foot on the barrel. Then he got it into the sock. But the rescuers declared that it was a left sock and made him take it off, balance on the other side and put it on the other foot. A catboat with a lot of women aboard came along, and Dinkelspiel slipped off into the sea, supporting himself temporarily by holding onto the rim of the barrel. Hopper wouldn't let him emerge till the cathod the standard over the Long feland. Hopper wouldn't let him emerge till the cat-boat had tacked over to the Long Island shore. Then the other sock was thrown to

im and he got that on.
"Make those hose stays taut on your booms there," sternly commanded the leader of the rescuers as Dinkelspiel reached out appealingly for his trousers. Hobart tightened up the garters and then asked if he couldn't come aboard just for a minute if he couldn't come aboard just for a minufe to rest. But his shirt was thrown to him, and he had to put that on. Then a collar and a tie. He was still astride the barrel in a choppy sea with the horse's tail as a drapery when he fixed his cravat, but Hopper didn't like the knot. A vote was taken in the launch, and it was unanimously decided that Dinkelspiel must tie the cravat over again before the work of rescue could go any further.

over again before the work of rescue could go any further.

Dinkelspiel got his trousers next, handed to him on the end of a boat hook. He threw away the horse's tail with the air of a man who had just been rescued after seven weeks on a raft. He got his right leg in very cleverly, but when he gingerly threw the left leg over, side saddle fashion, to finish the job of putting on the garment his barrel rolled and Dinkelspiel went into the Sound. Lackaye caught him on a boat hook and pulled him aboard after he had promised never to go to the races again.

On the way back to the loub the launch went alongside Capt. Marshall's schooner yacht Atlantic, which won the Kaiser's cup in the race across the Atlantic. All hands went aboard and Frank Unger did the launcr at entertaining in Capt. Marshall's

nors at entertaining in Capt. Marshall's

The actors examined the boat and sav the cup. But they lost interest somewhat in the trophy when Unger told them that an attempt had once been made to fill it, but that two magnums made no showing at all, because the Kaiser's cup leaked.

There was more interest in the log of the itlantic, in the back part of which various riends of the skipper had written things at faraway ports.

This sentiment, for instance, was written

This sentiment, for instance, was written by George Ade, who went aboard the Atlantic at Monte Carlo: "The man who made the wheel forgot to put on the figure 17. The Latin races may be on the decline, but they didn't decline any of mine."
Wilton Lackaye read the inscriptions aloud in his most Svengali-like voice for the benefit of the rest of the company. He came across some lines on companionship and read them. Jack Perugini, who was at one time a husband of Lillian Russell, was sitting beside him.

Oldsmobile

Palace Touring Car 30 h. p. Price \$2,250

also the Oldsmobile Flying Roadster 30 h. p.; 60 miles an hour. OLDSMOBILE CO. OF M. Y.
Broadway and 51st Street
BRANCH AT LONG BEACH, L. L

said Lackaye. "Companionship without any South Dakota in it."

Then they sang, with Lackaye improvising and repeating the words in advance:

Too much toll with no vacation Justifles a slight libation;

So here's a toast, now drain your glasses. Work is the curse of the drinking classes. There was also a stanza denouncing both war and work as needless.
"Wh'os your friend Edward of Rhode
Island?" asked a tragedian returning to the

log.
"That," said Frank Unger, haughtily,
is the guest of Edward, King of England,
Rex Imperator, not Rhode Island."
"And who is K. E. William?" asked Frank

"My friend Kaiser Emperor," replied Unger, with enough ice in his tone for a highball. That's what somebody thought anyhow, so they all drank to the health of he Atlantic.

"It's a grand affair," said DeWolf Hopper, meaning the yacht. "It makes the St. Regis look like an Italian fruit stand. But

Regis look like an Italian fruit stand. But the automobile for mine."
On the way back to the float they visited Frank Doane's Katonah, and by the time they did finally reach shore Dinkelspiel's clothes were almost dry.

There was a ball game with a pyramid of cannon balls for first base and potted plants for second and third. Ed Kemble, the artist who has done so much to solve the race problem for the South, was umpire.

MAN DEAD IN THE SHAFT.

Disappeared in Apartment House on Mor day Night -Janitor Argested.

Joseph Wyk, 26 years old a colored elevator man employed in an apartment house at 503 West 124th street disappeared at 10 o'clock Monday night while on duty and was found at 9 o'clock last night at the bottom of the elevator shaft with his neck broken. The janitor of the building, John Goetz, 46 years old, was locked up on suspicion that he might know something about Wyk's death.

Wyk lived at 316 West 119th street. Farly last evening his brother-in-law, Horace Brown, who lives at the same address, asked Sergt. Maher of the West 125th street police station to send out a general alarm for Wyk. Brown also suggested that a search be made of the apartment house, adding that Wyk did not get along well with the janitor.

Detectives were sent over to the house. They got a light and went down to the bottom of the elevator shaft where they found Wyk's body in a heap in a corner, head down. He had apparently fallen head down. He down the shaft.

down the shaft.

The janitor, Goetz, admitted that he had had to scold Wyk frequently.

A tenant of the house said that she saw Wyk at 9:30 o'clock, Monday night. Another tenant said she rang the elevator bell at 10 o'clock and got no response.

BROTHERS STRUCK BY CAR.

One Little Chap Killed on Grand Street Other Escapes With Bruises.

A Grand street car ran over and killed ix-year-old Abraham Warschsky of 828 Henry street last night at the corner of Grand and Columbia streets. The boy and his brother Herman, aged 9, started to cross Grand street. A wagon was driving east. They waited for the wagon to pass and stepped in front of a west bound oar driven by Hyman Clement, 21 years old, of 226 McKibbin street, Brooklyn.

Herman saw the car and dodged attempting to draw his brother out of danger. He was knocked to one side by the car, which caught little Abraham and dragged him some feet before it could be brought to a stop. The child was dead when freed from the car. Herman escaped with bruises.

A clampring growd gathered and tried to A clamoring crowd gathered and tried to attack the motorman. Clement was rescued by several policemen and locked up in the Delancey street police station on a charge

Marshall Field's Daughter Gets \$\$57,000

Worth of Bonds and Stocks. CHICAGO, June 26 .- Judge Walker to-day entered a decree by which Mrs. Ethel Field Beatty receives legal possession of \$857,000 worth of railroad stocks and bonds left by the late Marshall Field, her father. For several years Mrs. Beatty has made her home in London, England, with her hus-

band, Capt. David Beatty. The United States Trust Company of New York has possession of the bonds. It was shown that Mr. Field, shortly before his death, placed the securities with the trust company, together with a receipt. He also left a memorandum that the bonds were the property of his daughter.

OBITUARY.

Alexander Haeffner died at his home, 197 Maple street, Richmond Hill, on Monday night. He was born in Bavaria 79 years ago and came to this country when he was a young man. For many years he was a young man. For many years ne was a designer and cutter for Brooks Brothers. He is survived by his wife and four children, Henry Haefiner. Mrs. Elizabeth Ganner, Mrs. Josephine Rebeck and Mrs. Katharine Ward, He and his wife lived with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Held. Mrs. Held is a stepdaughter. The funeral will take place at 9 o'clock this morning.

funeral will take place at 9 o'clock this morning.

Judge Nathaniel Shipman, one of the best known jurists in Connecticut, died yesterday at Hartford, aged 76. He was Judge of the United States Court of Appeals, District of Connecticut, from 1873 to 1892. Nathaniel Shipman was born in Connecticut in 1828, was educated at Norwich and Plainfield, and later was graduated from Yale in 1848. Until 1873 he practised law, in Hartford, in that year he was appointed United States District Judge for Connecticut and retained that position until appointed to the bench of the Circuit Court.

Elbert H. Baldwin, vice-president of the National Union Bank of Dover, N. J., died at his home in that town yesterday. Mr. Baldwin was formerly a resident of Newark, where he was married to Miss Abegile Bagles, a sister of Eugene Bagles of Newark. He leaves a widow.

Patrick Mara, the father of Patrick J. Mara,

leaves a widow.
Patrick Mara, the father of Patrick J. Mara,
a Democratic leader in Flushing, Queens
borough, died there yesterday. He was born
in Ireland 90 years ago. For years he was
a bridge tender at Strong's bridge, over
Elushing Crask. Flushing Creek.

Carter-Rush.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26 .- In the presence of the immediate relatives only Miss Alice Bowdoin Rush to-day became the wife of Julian Stuart Carter of Baltimore at the historic St. David's Church, Radnor. The Rev. George Calvert Carter, brother of the bridegroom, assisted by the kev. James Lamb, rector of St. David's, performed the ceremony. The bride is a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Rush of St. David's. The bridegroom is a son of Bernard Carter of Baltimore and a brother of Mrs. Ernest Law. Bowdoin Rush to-day became the wife of

Thompson-Dickey.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., June 28.—Miss Julia Dickey and J. Reswick Thompson, Jr., were married at noon to-day in the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. William K. me across some lines on companionship and read them. Jack Perugini, who was cone time a husband of Lillian Russell, as sitting beside him.

Companionship is what you want, Jack,

Companionship is what you want, Jack,

PIGTOWN PINES FOR COLER. ALL THE THINGS THAT MAYOR COLANDRIELLO STANDS FOR.

Sixty Haif Barrels and Thirty-two Kegs of Beer Among Them-He Is Ably

Seconded by Johnny-From-the-Bush as Tapper-Will Bird S. Never Come?

Pigtown-on-the-Pike, that dented part of Flatbush just east of the King's County Penitentiary, and known also as Little Italy and Crow Hill, awoke yesterday morning with a thrill and announced to itself in Italian, "To-day's the day!" For Contractor Tommy Calandrielle, the "Mayor" of Pigtown-cognizant that things political were inert and election was approaching apace-had announced that yesterday he would stand for a whole day of parades, fireworks, a raffle, dams of beer, strings of chestnuts, and Bird S. Coler. When the beauteous and best Borough

esident Brooklyn ever acquired told Mayor Calandriello he would try to be among those resent at the Mayor's party, Tommy, intexicated with success, decided straight-way to go the limit and ask Senator Pat McCarren to sit at Mr. Coler's right on the rgeous speakers' stand erected in front of the Mayor's saloon. Then the Italian leader got the inviting habit, with the result that on the eve of yesterday's celebration Mayor Calandriello, standing back of his bar and with his right hand solemnly raised, kissed the cash register and swore to his awestruck cohorts that on the platform, besides himself, Coler and McCarren, would be Democratic Leader Henny Hesterberg and Republican Leader Kracke of the Eighteenth Assembly district, Deputy Collector McCooey, Alderman Hand, Police Captains Toole and Reynolds and Pete Froscia, the barber.

Not since the body of a murdered man was found on the hill over looking Pigtownon-the-Pike last month has there been such a delirium of excitement as that which greeted the posting, back of Mayor Tommy's bar, of the list of notables expected at yesterday's racket. Malbone street in the vicinity of Nostrand avenue was a mass of American and Italian bunting. Arches of red, white and green lights glowed from curb to curb and tables groaning with slabs of pink watermelon, pinker lemonade, strings of chestnuts and strings of Coler

buttons rose as if by magic.

In the morning light Italian clubmen of Pigtown, uniformed like the Indian durbar. began to saunter along the sidewalk. Rosie de Prisco, belle of Pigtown, blossomed out early and, daintily picking her steps across the street, let all the world know that they are also knit, with red stripes running around, like barber poles. And on the glowing speakers' stand was a chair gay with tinsel for Mr. Coler, and decorated at the back with a picture of St. John and a flag formed by eighteen lighted candles, with five more to represent stars-which, by addition, make 23.

"Why-a da cele rash?" repeated Mayor "Tell-a da pape' everathing-a Tommy. Fall electsh-a come. Give-a da celebrasht' joll-a along da gang. Al-a-ways joll-a along da gang-just-a like Signor Bird-a Cole'. Good-a politeeks."

"And don't fergit t' say a woid for John P. Malloy, Johnnie-from-the-'Bush," interrupted Signor Malloy, one of the residents of Flatbush's Little Italy, who speaks English with only a slight accent. "Sixty half bar'ls o' beer an' thoity-two kags, an' all bought by good of Tommy, Mayor o Pigtown-put 'er there, good ol' Tommy! Every kag tapped by John P. Malloy. Put that down, kid-every kag tapped by Johnnie-from-the-'Bush."

"An' write down all about the fancy chair for Boid," added Signor Dan Higgins, another member of Calandriello's Eighteenth District Italian Club. "That's it," he went "That's the chair that'll hold t'-night the form of Boid S. Coler."

the joyous moment would arrive when Brooklyn's prominent Methodist would be conducted between the beer kegs and placed on the throne beneath the picture of In the meantime the only way Mayor

In the meantime the only way Mayor Tommy's constituents could restrain their impatience was by parading. There were almost 1,000 men in line. The parade was lead by Mayor Tommy and a band, under the direction of Prof. Antonio Petroccione, maestro della Banda Musicale Vittorio Emanuele III. Fornisce Bande per quantunque occasione sia per balli, pie nie, battesimi, parate, funerali e sposalizi, telephone 1767 Spring. The leader and the clubmen that strolled behind wore the gayest of gay military uniforms that fit like a blister. The parade began and ended near the

The parade began and ended near the sixty half barrels and the thirty-two kegs and by this time Signor John Malloy, the tapper, bore an overworked expression on his face that bulged from the line of beauty. The cohorts began to look about anxiously for the first signs of darkness and Signor Coler. Mayor Tommy, bustling among the voters, pleaded with them to restrain themselves—told them that night and fireworks and the Borough President would soon be with them and that in the meantime they could satisfy their hunger for higher they could satisfy their hunger for higher things with chestnuts.

Darkness and the dams of beer fell to-

Darkness and the dams of beer fell together, and as the hour for Signor Coler's arrival approached a great stillness had settled over the crowd. Then, while tapers were being lighted and little groups gathered and stamped with impatience, a great ory of "Viva da Signor Coler! Viva da Bird-a!" split the sky as a commotion started on the western edge of the crowd and the cohorts surged that way. It was only the arrival of the wagon with the fireworks, however, and sadly the expectant returned to the beer and the chestndts and the glow of the twenty-three lights.

Something had to be done to hold the crowd in check, so Mayor Tommy decided to speak to his followers.

"We turn-a da distrio' da way-a we want,"

to speak to his followers.

"We turn-a da distrio' da way-a we want," he said. "Sometime I joll-a da Hesterberg, sometime I joll-a da Kracke. Lot-a fake-a business, an' eef thing-a donna turn-a right I be-a good-a Republican. Joll-a along all-a da way. Lot-a fake-a business, yes?" and cat down

da way. Lot-a fake-a business, yes?" and sat down.
"Hoo-ray!" observed Signor John P. Malloy. "Sixty half bar"ls o' kags. Thoity-two kags o' Coler, an' good ol' Tommy C'landri llo stands fer it all. Put 'er there, good ol' Tommy. Gents, there's the hand that shook the hand o' Boid S. Coler! Hoo-ray!" and also sat down.
By the time there were 3,000 or 4,000 persons in the crowd, all attracted doubt-

less by the news that they were to see and hear Mr. Coler, although some of the and hear Mr. Coler, although some of the frivolous came perhaps because of the free beer and the fireworks. They were gathered under the arches of colored lights about 9 o'clock when the cry, "Vivi da Bird-a!" went heavenward again, and this time the multitude felt sure they were to be rewarded for their twelve hour wait. Down the slope of Malbone street from Nostrand avenue tore a delivery wagon, in which was a distinguished looking man in his shirt sleeves, his arms waving like a his shirt sleeves, his arms waving like a pair of trousers on a windy clothes line. Shouting and singing he came on his way. "Viva da Bird-a! Viva da best-a burro' "Yiva da Bird-a: Yiva da Best-a burro pres!" roared out the crowd in ecstacy, for here was a man after their own heart. "Hold-a da speech till you-a get-a here!" they cried in alarm. "Viva da Bird-a! Viva da Signor Cole!"

There was almost a riot when the wagon got near enough to learn that the distinguished looking man was only Tony Boldini filled with enthusiasm and one-sixtieth of the thirty kegs, and only the quick thought of Mayor Tommy kept the coatless Tony from harm. Mayor Tommy wisely gave the word just then to start the fireworks.

Open a Box for the Children

Leave it where they can reach it. Watch them gain in weight. Watch their cheeks grow ruddy with health and life.

Uneeda Biscuit

are the only Soda Crackersthe most nutritious food made from wheat, therefore the most wholesome food for children.

> In a dust tight, moisture proof package. NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

That books are treated by the trade very much as any other commodity is evidenced anew by the various reasons ascribed by publishers for the dulness of the present book season. Some publishers frankly attribute it to the condition of the stock market; others to the vast amounts of money sent to San Franpisco, and still others to the great disaster itself and the sadness and seriousness it has caused throughout the country. There are those who admit that the books hemselves are poor. The output been great but the quality inferior, and few important and great books have been brought out during the year. Still others account for it on the ground that the reading public is fickle and that there is no accounting for it at all-that the publisher who was a prophet as well and could understand the situation would cease to be a publisher and join the ranks of the multimillionaires.

One of the books promised for autumn publication will be entitled "Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant-Unpublished Letters and Other Mementos." "No one," said Lesmonde, "could really know Mme. de Staël who has not seen her with Benjamin Constant, and he was only at his best when with her." A great-granddaughter of Mme. Constant has unearthed some hitherto unpublished letters written by Mme. de Staël, in which in the midst of her keen interest in politics and suggestions on drawing up the Constitution breaks out her passionate cry against her most inconstant of Constants who has ruined her

Julia Scott Vrooman's article in the July Century on the friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau, the keeper of a little Bohemian restaurant in Monterey, adds fresh and interesting material to Stevensoniana. M. Simoneau still lives in Monterey and counts among his treasures a set of the author's works, each volume bearing on the flyleaf a typical inscription and autograph, and some priceless letters written for the most part in French and on in subdued tones, as he reached up and kept in an iron box. Among them is one reverently patted the seat of the chair. evidently written apropos of some incident the race of man was born tyrannical; doubtless Adam beat Eve and when all the rest are dead the last man will be found beating the last dog."

> Howard A. Kelly, the writer of the new book "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever," says of Major Reed's life: "The inspiration of Reed's life lies in the fact that, though a man of war, he ravaged no distant lands, he destroyed no tens of thousands to make his reputation, but by quiet methods when there was no strife he saved countless lives and swept away a hideous plague which from time immemorial had periodically visited our shores, devastated our fair land and too often snatched from the years of peace and plenty all their blessings."

The Bookman's July department devoted "Education" sums up the arguments that may be presented against the granting of academic degrees. The writer, Edward E. Hale, Jr., pronounces college degrees a product of mediævalism and entirely in keeping with the general turn of the mediæval mind. He suggests that "university degrees, honorary and ordinary, might be for the future relegated to the place where the evidential parchment is usually relegated, namely, no one knows where. The test of a college education will then be that a man who has been to college will be different from one who has not. If that difference can be really made, he will not want a degree; if it cannot, he should not have one."

Mabel Osgood Wright dedicates her new book, "The Garden, You and I," to the "Literary Gardeners of Redding," which calls attention to the little Connecticut town and its literary colony. Albert Bigelow Paine is said to have discovered it and secured a farm for his home there. Last year Mark Twain bought a farm not far from Mr. Paine's home. Miss Gilder of the Critic has a place in the neighborhood. and Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur, whose book "A Self-Supporting Home" has sent many people to the country, lives on the road that leads down from Mr. Clemens's place to the mill pond.

The question of women's work and its re lation to the labor market has been treated in two of the late novels, "The Pathway of the Pioneer" and "Ring in the New." Walter Besant several years ago in "The Endowment of the Daughter" urged it as the duty of all parents to emulate the French "dot" system. It has been said that Sir Walter did not carry out his own principles, an erroneous impression arising from the fact that long before he died he placed the larger part of his savings in the hands of trustees for the benefit of his wife and daughters, thus leaving only a small sum in his will. Both the daughters were well provided for and are now happily married.

Mr. Sidney Lee prophesies that "Some where about 1915 America and Great Britain will in all likelihood each own about the same number of copies of the Shakespeare First Folio." Mr. Marsden J. Perry of Providence and Mr. H. C. Folger, Jr., of New York are now the keene t collectors Shakespeariana in the world. Mr. Folger is said to have acquired as many as eight copies of the First Folio in the last few years-a record number for any private collector. Since 1902 the Americans have bought ten copies from British hands; but it is consoling to British prejudice to know that thirty-two copies ar in public institutions, whence untold gold will not be able to extrac them.

The Bookman's list of "best sellers" gives "Fenwick's Career" first place, with 259 points; "Lady Baltimore" a close second with 221 points; "The Spoilers" drops to 177 points, and "Pam Decides," "The Woman in the Alcove" and "The Jungle" follow in the order given. In Minneapolis "Fenwick's Career" is not included in the list of favorites, but in St. Paul it has third place. In Birmingham, Ala.; Rochester, Salt Lake City, Spokane and Tucson, Ariz., Mrs. Ward's novel is apparently unappreciated, since it is not in the lists. Following these reports of the popularity of certain books as evidenced y the demand for them it is easy to understand why publishers are baffled in making forecasts as t) the succes of a story. The showing demonstrates the fact that the bringing out of a book, even one of so much dignity as Mrs. Ward's carefully written fiction, is as much of a gamble as raising a racehorse or taking a flyer in the Street.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's latest story, based on the career of Joan of Arc, calls attention to the fact that there exists a sworn narrative of the private and public life of the maid of Domremy. Twenty years after her death Charles VII. ordered an investigation made and two years later Joan's mother appealed to the Pope. The case dragged along until 1456, when more than a hundred witnesses were examined and with solemn religious ceremonies a new sentence was proclaimed. For nearly 400 years the record of the trial was buried in the official archives of France, when Quicherat gave it to the world in five volumes of modern French. The substance of the pathetic narrative has been done into English, but it is little known to the

DO NOT WANT OPEN SHOP. Building Trades Employers Likely to Settle With Painters.

Arbitration Board will take up to-morrow the question of resuming negotiations between the Brotherhood of Painters and the Master Painters' Association with a view to a settlement of the present trouble. The matter came up before the general arbitration board, but the employers were disinclined to consider any negotiations unless the painters declare their strike off first.

It was said on behalf of the Building Trades Employers' Association that it has not and never had the desire to introduce the open shop in the building trades. In trades where the open shop was declared it was because the unions persisted in remaining on strike in violation of the arbitration agreement. The general belief yesterday was that there will be a settlement with the Brotherhood of Painters, although the open shop has been declared. although the open shop has been declared in the trade. Meantime the Amalgamated Painters' Society is filling the places of the strikers with its members wherever it ha an opportunity.

ELECTION CASES FALL THROUGH. Insufficient Proof Against Notary Who Certified to Jerome Petitions.

Max Finklestein, 32 years old, of 80 Allen street, a notary, was acquitted yestarday in Special Sessions upon two out of three charges of making false notarial certifications of signatures for District Attorney Jerome on the special petitions circulated last fall putting him in nomination on an independent ticket. The hearing on the third charge was postponed.

After a long consultation between Justices Olmsted, McAvoy and Deuel the Court ruled that the defendant was acquitted because of improve presents of these

cause of improper preparation of the cases in the District Attorney's office. Deputy Assistant District Attorney White-side in asking for an adjournment admitted that witnesses had left the court room before their testimony had been completed, thus preventing a complete presentation thus preven

9 TO 3 FOR ROCKEFELLER. Halpin's Captain Not Convicted of Regis tration Fraud.

A jury in General Sessions disagreed vesterday on the question of whether John Rockefeller, the captain of the Fifth Electon district of the old Ninth Assembly district, of which William Halpin is leader, procured a man to vote at the last election Rockefeller has been on trial before Judge Rosalsky, and the jury stood nine to three for acquittal. It was charged that Rockefeller got

It was charged that Rocketeller got William Farrar to vote under the name of William Rockefeller, Jr. Farrar is now, serving a year in the penitentiary, and was a witness against Rockefeller, who was prosecuted by the Attorney-General's office. Rockefeller was released on \$2,000 bail.

SIFTING HEDDEN SCANDAL. Magistrate Furlong Is Examined by the Grand Jury. Magistrate Henry E. Furlong was before

the Grand Jury in Brooklyn for two hours yesterday to explain his connection with the Mary Hedden scandal. On leaving the Grand Jury room he said he had placed the girl on probation and sent her to Rockaway Beach to bring about her reformation away beech to oring about her reformation if possible. She was removed, he said, from evil surroundings in East New York to a new community and put in the charge of highly respectable people.

Frank Grossbard, on whom some reflections were cast during a recent trial of the Hedden girl for larceny, was also examined by the Grand Jury.

TO MAKE ARMY'S CLOTHES FIT

BRITISH MILITARY TAILOR LANDS HERE UNRESISTED.

Soldiers—Won't Go Into Details, but Suggests That Such a Process Would Be Expensive if Applied to the Officers.

George B. Winter, the English tailor who s to make our soldiers' clothes fit arrived here last night on the steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm looking as trim as an English military tailor ought to look. Everybody who took notice agreed that he was the most noticeably attired man on the ship. Just what Mr. Winter will propose doing

to the uniforms of Uncle Sam's soldiers before he gets through with them he would not say, but he did say that new uniforms would stand the officers in at least \$500 and that perhaps some of them would have to pay out \$1,000. As will be seen below his contract relates to patterns for uniforms of enlisted men only.

"What do we propose to do?" asked the tailor. "Why, we hope to make the men look like officers and the officers look like generals." He didn't say whether the remark was a joke or not.

"Of course we have excellent material to work on," he went on. "I haven't seen many of your troops, but I know that they are well put up and that they can be made to look like soldiers. As for the materials of which the uniforms of the privates of the United States army are made there are no better in the world."

Mr. Winter declined to go into a discussion of the deficiencies in the present uniform. He must have time to study the matter. This is by no means Mr. Winter's first trip to America. He has been here more than forty times, he said.

He did not know that certain persons had declared their intention of protesting against the Government engaging his services and said that if such were the case the kick must have come through rival tailors-"My friends on Fifth avenue," styled them.

The tailor wore a blue serge suit. The coat was cut medium length and fitted the figure snugly. There was no padding in the shoulders. It was single-breasted and straight at the corners. The sleeves were small. His trousers were cut straight at the bottoms and were about eighteen inches at the knee. A white waistcoat, tan shoes, a gray derby hat and a purple necktie completed his outer attire. Mr. Winter's son was in gray serge. His

clothes were cut like his father's, except that his trousers were finished at the bot-tom with a cuff. Both men carried bamboo canes and wore chamois skin gloves.

WASHINGTON, June 26 .- The War Department in a letter to-day to Harvey Patterson of the New York Association of Tailors, which protested to the department against the hiring of George W. Winter a London tailor, to show the Government tailors how to put clothes together, makes extended explanations. The letter is signed by Acting Secretary of War Oliver. Gen. Oliver says that the press reports failed to state correctly the object of Mr. Winter's visit. He says Replying to your letter of the 20th instant

rotesting against the employment of Mr. G. Winter by the Quartermaster's Depart nent in connection with army uniform work, I beg to advise you that the clipping which you enclose fails to correctly state the object of Mr. Winter's employment. His services were not engaged to construct new models for uniforms or to make the slightest change in them. He is only to revise and modify the patterns by which the clothing is cut, with the idea of improving the set of garments, and introducing into their general appearance a more distinctively military effect, and to make samples of the same from his patterns but according to our established specifications. These were to be, and, it is understood have been, made in London and shipped to th United States. Mr. Winter was to send th try, and himself follow in order to personally make any explanations to the foreman cutter at the Philadelphia depot necessary to a complete understanding of the patterns and an intelligent application of them to the uses for which designed. This explanation and instruction on the use of the articles made in London and shipped here is the only service Mr. Winter is to perform in this country in this connection

It may be further added that the samples and patterns are entirely for uniforms for enlisted men, which are entirely manufactured under contract and in which it is not seen how merchant tailors can have any interest. have written you thus at length in order that the situation may be fully understood, and to remove from your mind a misapprehension produced by the erticle in quesiton.

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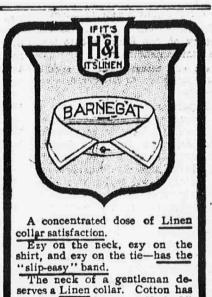
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